22/06/2020 She was the one



Log in | Sign up





# She was the one











#### Chapter 1 by Danny Rerucha

The air was hot and stale as I entered the cabin. The buzzing of crickets echoed through the campsite. I could hear the crackling fire I had momentarily left behind. I took a quick glance around the cabin. I studied every detail carefully, and since then each one of these details has been permanently etched in my mind. I remember the picture hanging over the large room's single table, filled with the many plants of Wyoming. I remember the Mancala game board resting on the floor, the colored stones strewn across the carpet. I remember the chess board lying under the chair near one of the windows, the chess pieces hidden away, tired after countless games the night before. I remember the writing on the walls. Memories sealed within the wood. I remember her standing near the refrigerator, her features clouded by the light coming in through the window behind her.

### **Chapter 2 by Windlion**



The fire is getting closer, she whispered, isn't it

Yes

We need to leave

How?

She straightened and looked at me, her eyes full of despair. I can teleport you back to Casper before I leave, or I can take you with me back to my world

See more of Story Wars

or

Create new account

22/06/2020 She was the one

She is crying, so you cry also. You ... I ... I don't want to take you back. You won't like it, and after a while, I won't like you.

I stared at her, my rage chasing horror chasing despair. You won't ... like me?

So I will take you back to Casper

No!

No?

Leave me here. With my sheep. Leave us to the fire. Go!

#### **Chapter 3 by Windlion**



I brought the sheep and the dogs into the cabin after she left, and huddled there waiting for death.

But I didn't die. A freak windstorm took it down the hill, away from the cabin. *Glad she cared that much about sheep, at least,* I think.

The next morning, I shut everything down, called the dogs, and herded the sheep downhill. It was a month too early, but my guess was that the owner would be happy to see anyone alive, even if it cost him a little more in feed.

He saved the cost by letting me go without pay. "Sorry, boy. Glad to see you made it down the hill, but I've got a farm to run."

So I stole some food from the kitchen and headed down the road toward Casper.

## Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

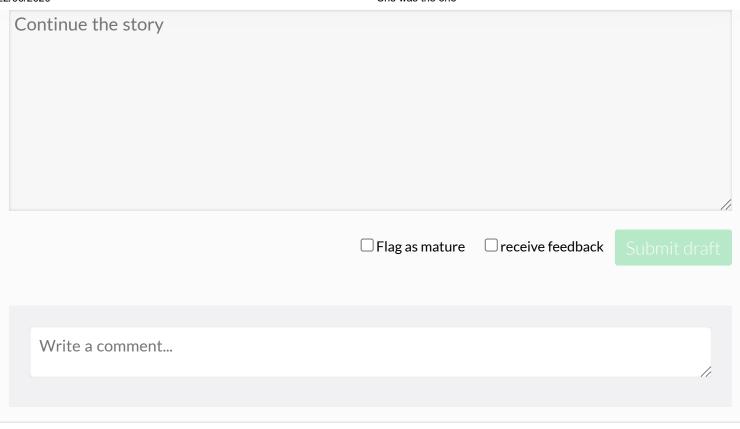
A You need to login before writing - click here

### See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account





See more of Story Wars

Login or Create new account